Mosa and the Uncatchable Rainbow

"Goodbye, my little stars!" Mom said, blowing a kiss. "Be good for Eshal and Faryal," Dad added, winking at Mosa. The front door clicked shut, leaving the three siblings alone in their cozy living room, ready for an evening of fun.

Eshal brought out the board games, and Faryal put on their favorite music. But Mosa, the youngest, wasn't interested. He pressed his nose against the window, watching the rain outside turn into a soft drizzle as the sun peeked through the clouds.

"Look!" Mosa shouted, his finger jabbing at the glass. A magnificent rainbow arched across the sky, a brilliant ribbon of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. "I want it!" he declared. "I want the rainbow!"

Eshal knelt beside him. "Oh, Mosa, it's beautiful, isn't it? But we can't have a rainbow. It's made of light and rain." Faryal added, "It's for everyone to share from far away." But Mosa didn't understand. His face crumpled, and a loud wail filled the room.

As Mosa's cries echoed, a gentle shimmer appeared in the middle of the room. It grew brighter and brighter, swirling with all the colors of the rainbow Mosa so desperately wanted. From the light emerged a tiny figure with sparkling wings.

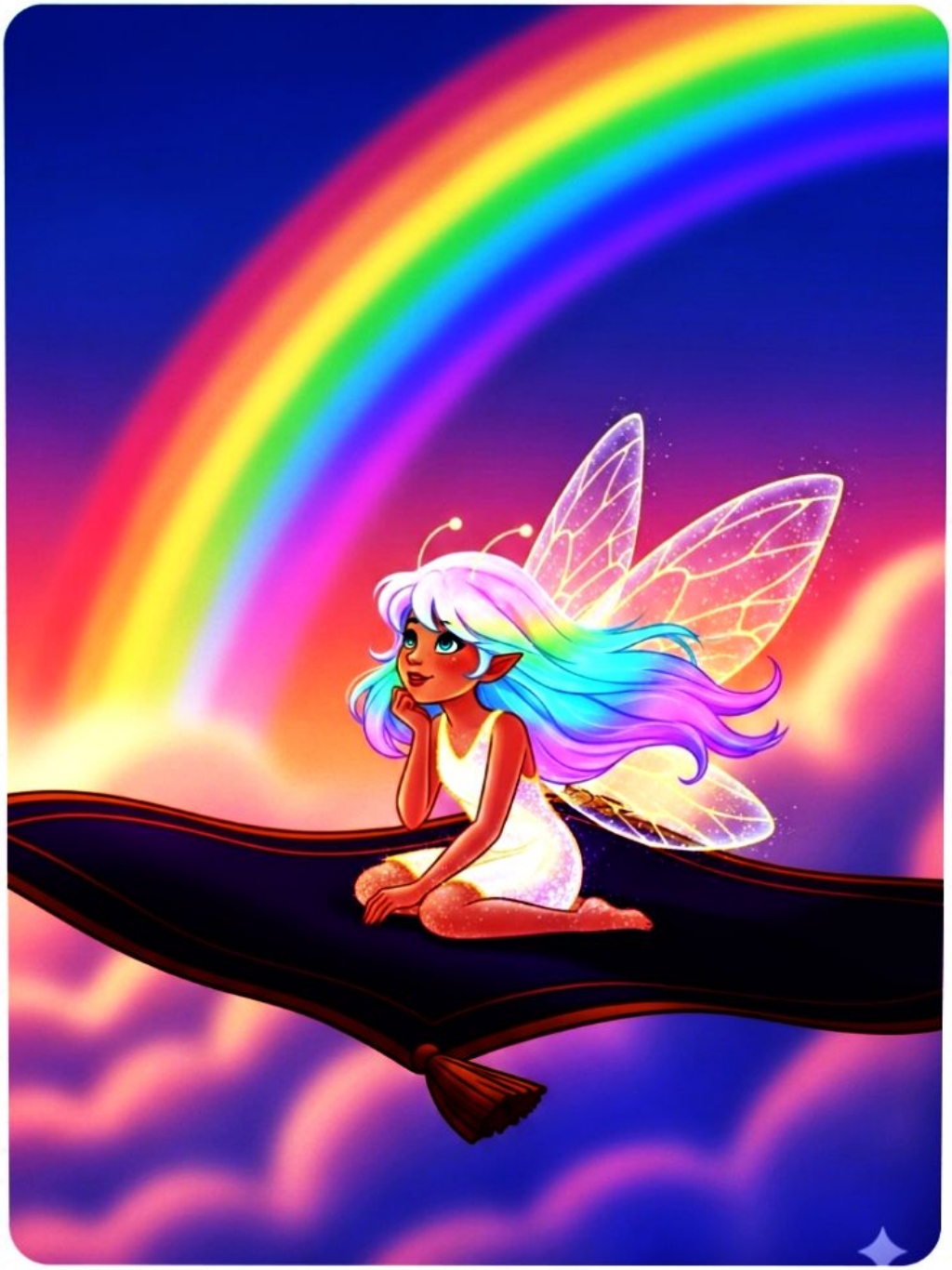
The figure smiled warmly. "Don't be afraid," she said, her voice like tiny bells. "My name is Iris. I heard a sad sound, and I saw a beautiful rainbow that wasn't being enjoyed." The children stared, their fear turning into wonder.

Iris unrolled a small carpet that shimmered and floated just above the floor. "Mosa," she said gently. "I can take you to see the rainbow, but you must promise to listen and learn." Mosa wiped his tears and nodded eagerly as he and his sisters climbed onto the magic carpet.

The carpet lifted them up, through the ceiling, and into the evening sky! They soared above their town, the wind whistling past them. The rainbow was closer now, a giant, glowing arch ahead of them. It was more magnificent than they could have ever imagined.

But as they got closer, a strange thing happened. The beautiful, clear bands of color began to blur and distort. When Mosa tried to touch it, his hand passed through nothing but cool, misty air. The rainbow was disappearing before their very eyes.

"Some things," Iris explained softly as she guided the carpet back home, "are most beautiful when you don't try to hold them. Their magic is in seeing them, not owning them." Mosa looked at his empty hands and then back at the sky, and he finally understood.



Back in their living room, Iris gave them a final, sparkling wink before fading away. Just then, a little bluebird with a bright red chest landed on the windowsill, singing a cheerful song.

Mosa gasped. He opened his mouth to cry for it, but then he stopped. He remembered the fading rainbow and the fairy's words. Instead, he smiled. "Look," he whispered to his sisters. "Isn't it lovely?" And together, they watched the bird until it flew away.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Aurang Zeb Qasmi is a writer from from Pakistan. He comes from the town of Qssmi in Mardan. He has written many wonderful stories and literary booky literary books in Urdu. Currently, his enjoys his education department, helping helping children learn and grow!